

LETTERS,  
Post Office, Saint Andrews,  
SEPTEMBER, 1841.

Kingdon Ireland  
Kellom Mary 2  
Kerr John  
Kyle Christopher  
L  
Little William  
Lowden John  
Lawrence Luther  
Loony John  
M  
McShane Barnard  
McLoud Hugh  
McDonald Hugh  
McMaster Alexander  
McLushy Patrick 2  
McGeo Charles  
McLaughlin James  
McDonald Miss E  
McBrade Peter  
McDonald William  
McAnean Hugh  
McKenzie Robert  
McMaster Captain A D  
Murphy John  
Mulligan William  
Murphy Daniel 2  
Muge William  
Murphy Mary  
Morrison William  
Mulligan William  
Murphy Timothy  
Malone James  
N  
Nugent John 2  
O  
O'Hara Hugh  
P  
Paine Mary  
Paine John  
Paine Thomas  
Pettygrove Samuel  
Q  
Quait Andrew  
R  
Reynold William 2  
Ristes Samuel  
Ridout Benjamin  
Ridout Oliver  
Ridout Stephen  
Rox Mrs E  
Robinson Scott  
Robinson George  
Ridout John  
Ridout William  
S  
Sisson Mrs  
Sisson Mrs  
Staples John  
Sney Robert H  
Sney Peter, junior  
T  
Tany William  
Watson George  
Wayne John  
Wayne John  
Williams John 2  
Y  
Young George  
Young Isaac, junior.

Saint Patrick  
McJarry Thomas  
McAlmon Hugh 2  
McWilliam John 2  
McConnell Hugh  
McWilliam Henry  
Moore James  
Widdows Patrick  
Wray Stephen  
Wise John  
Widdows William

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St Andrews—Mondays, Wednes-  
days & Fridays, by Coach—  
Tuesdays, Thurs-  
days & Saturdays, by Coach—  
Wednesdays, Thursdays &  
Saturdays, by Coach—  
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Saturdays, by Coach—  
at 10 a. m.

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Volume VIII

# The Standard, OR FRONTIER GAZETTE.

No. XL

Price 15s.]

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 8, 1841.

[17s. 6d. by Mail

## THE HEROINE. OR THE BLACK BROTHERHOOD OF WERTENS- FIELD.

It was evening in the month of June, 1790. Michael was from home; Kretzel and Madame Vanderstichel busied in removing the remains of a supper they had just served to some travellers, and inhabitants of the environs. At the close of the repast, at the moment when the conversants had become more general, and the pipes of all were lighted, the men amused themselves by relating stories of supernatural apparitions seen at Het Krays; they talked a great deal also of the numerous thefts which were each night committed in the neighbourhood, and the assassinations which often took place, as they said, near the cross roads of the ruins of Wertensfield. All were agreed in attributing such crimes to a mysterious association of malefactors, a band of robbers, to which had been given the name of the Black Brotherhood of Wertensfield, and, as it was asserted, collected together in the woods of Holsters, under the order of one named Jaen, long celebrated throughout Brabant for his cruelty as well as address. And, as ever happens on such occasions, each in his turn improved on what he heard. These fearful stories were listened to by some with a blind confidence in their truth, and by others with undesigning contempt. At this moment Michael remarked a stranger, whose countenance announced an opulent farmer, and who having entered the parlour at the end of the night, had asked for a pot of beer, placed himself at the end of the table, and seemed to listen with attention to what was said about Het Krays.

"The other night," said one of the peasants, "Mays Von Coos passed along by the ruins of Wertensfield, and was attacked by four men in masks, who threw him down and took from him all the silver on his person. Mays Von Coos is a coward; who the devil can believe him?"

The night before last, about midnight, farmer Peters Waersagers was on horseback, and near the old chateau, when he saw issuing from the chapel a kind of shadow, which perceiving hanging on his heels, and despite his utmost efforts, he could never get rid of it. "D—n the press his horse to a quicker pace, he still saw the shadow remaining tirelessly behind him on the edge of the road. Did he shake his reins, the shade instantly stopped, ever preserving sufficient distance so as to prevent him making out what it was. A cold sweat bedewed all his limbs trickled from his brow; but matters were much worse when he reached 'Het Krays,' for he suddenly heard himself called on to stop by a man whom he instantly recognised for Jaen de Holsters, and who cried out to him in a terrible voice—

"Well Miss Idleback, what are you doing these motions, and your whole wide open?" broke in at this moment the Widow Vanderstichel, rudely pushing Kretzel away, who for some time had been listening with rapt attention to the story of farmer Waersagers. Startled by so unexpected an apostrophe, she let fall the plate she had in her hand, and it broke into a thousand fragments. A burst of laughter from all followed the crash of the crockery. The anger of Madame Vanderstichel may easily be imagined.

"F—n! stupid idiot! you are always doing some mischief or other. Very fine, indeed, for you stand with your arms dangling idly like a busybody you are, and give away a silly fear, to affect delicacies, like a young girl it has never left a towel. I know not what prevents me from turning you out of doors this very instant, good for nothing!"

It was the first time Madame Vanderstichel had openly spoke of sending her away. "There she did such a threat cause the young girl's heart to feel a bitter pang. In the mean time the peasants had already resumed the interrupted story.

"Well, as I was just now telling you, it was Jaen himself in flesh and blood who thus stopped the unhappy Waersagers. 'I expected that,' he said, at the same time clapping the muzzle of a pistol to his head; 'I instantly get off my horse, for I and these have an old account to settle.' In a moment the farmer saw himself surrounded on all sides by the black brotherhood of Wertensfield, who stripped him of every valuable in the twinkling of an eye. And very lucky it was for him, for under pretext of that they so unmercifully approved, Peters Waersagers refused to pay him a sou he was much pressed to do, and obtained fresh time from his compassionate creditors. The accident was, in fact, a fortunate circumstance for him. I fancy there's about as much truth in it as the other strange stories of the black brotherhood of Wertensfield."

"'Tis all very fine, my master," interrupted the stranger, "but get me a trifle that nose of these heroes, who show so much mercy, and I will see to it that I will have a good account to settle with them. Come, let us see he edged, drawing out his purse, 'this piece of gold shall be his who, with the bit of red chalk, will go and write his name

on Het Krays, and bring us back a branch of the wild box which grows beside it."

On hearing this singular proposition, the assembled peasants turned towards the stranger, whose eyes had assumed an expression of contented cunning, and gazed on him silently and long; but none seemed disposed to accept the challenge. At this moment a soft and gentle hand had pressed lightly on the shoulders of the unknown.

"Give me the piece of gold," said Kretzel, whose eyes were yet filled with tears, "and I will go to the cross-ways of 'Het Krays.'— 'Thou, young girl!"

"Kretzel! bravo, Kretzel!" cried all the peasants, laughing loud, and clapping their hands.

"I will go," continued Kretzel resolutely. She took a morsel of red chalk, and threw her eyes on the Widow Vanderstichel. "It will thus be seen whether I have not more courage than a town bred girl."

Madame Vanderstichel would doubtless have opposed Kretzel's rash design, but the young girl had taken the piece of gold, and despite the darkness of the night, darting through the door, already disappeared.

When she suddenly decided on accepting the stranger's challenge, Kretzel had but one motive, that of atoning for her clumsiness, and proving to Madame Vanderstichel that she was not so faint hearted and timid as she thought; and then that threat which had been her of driving her from the auberge, the thought of being compelled to take her departure, of being for ever separated from Michael—all—had impelled her to brave a moment's fear. But when she found herself all alone in the dark wood at an advanced hour of the night, far from every habitation, and in a place of so many fearful things were told, her heart began to fear with quick and hurried movement, and she was compelled to navigate her drooping courage by the thought of all she might gain from perseverance, and lose by failure. Already had she almost traversed the gloomy forest of Holsters, already did she perceive looming on a far off height the dreaded walls of the chateau of Wertensfield. The sky was dark and menacing, thick vapours rolled heavily along in the space; they veiled and unveiled by turns the pale rays of the moon who herself seemed gliding rapidly on her way to take shelter behind the lowering cloud. The alternate light and shade rendered the savage aspect of those desolate and dismal places yet more striking and fearful. The sight of the chapel of the chateau, with its half ruined arches, whose sculptured and indented outlines were darkly defined against an horizon of a fish line; the tufts of lichens and other creepers which clustered over the fallen building; the gigantic masses of forest trees, that stretched majestically around; in fine the old stone cross which, sad and solitary, rose from its sunken pedestal at the deserted cross roads, where the four ways leading into the neighbouring woods joined together, all contributed, with the silence that reigned around, to increase with ten fold force the terrors of the poor young girl. However, like the spirit of the surrounding darkness, she still advanced, making the least noise as possible, and painfully retaining even the breath, when, at the moment of her reaching the foot of Het Krays, she distinctly saw a light flash from the vaults of the chapel; at the same instant, a singular noise which sounded near her made her turn her head, and she perceived in mute alarm a horse already bridled and saddled, a valise on his back, pawing the ground with impatience, fastened to the branches of the tree under whose shade he seemed awaiting the arrival of his master. There was no longer room for doubt—the place was inhabited by the Black Brotherhood of Holsters! She instantly fell on her knees on the steps of Het Krays, piously invoked the protection of Heaven, and then, after having with a bit of red chalk traced her name hurriedly on the pedestal, and broke off a branch of wild box, she hastened to resume her way back to the auberge, as she turned towards the chapel, a human form, whom terror prevented her from clearly distinguishing, rose erect in one of its roofless aisles.

"Stop!" cried an imperious voice, which was repeated by all the startled echoes of Wertensfield.

Then Kretzel perceived that promptness of resolution and great presence of mind could alone save her from death, or something worse. The shrill sound of many whistles ran loud through the surrounding ruins; a pistol was fired, but she luckily escaped all injury in the surrounding thick gloom. Hastily did she unfasten the horse, throw herself into the saddle, and dart off at a gallop on the road to Beckx.

Ten minutes after, completely breathless, Kretzel reached the door of the auberge where she was received with acclamation by all the peasants, who praised her courage high. Michael Vanderstichel, who, on his return home, having learnt with much despatch what had taken place, was just on the point of setting out to search for the cross-ways of Het Krays. Kretzel hastened to relate what had befallen her, and thus obtained the beauty of the horse of which she had thus possessed

herself and which it was evident must have belonged to the chief of the band of robbers himself. The valise contained some articles of men's apparel, and four thousand livres in gold. At sight of so large a sum, all present cried out more loudly declaring that the poor girl had well earned it all, and Madame Vanderstichel, in her exuberant joy, nearly stifled her in a warm embrace. Then the aubergier, without further explanation, locked up the four thousand livres in a strong box, and had the horse bedded up in her stable. It was only at this moment that it was perceived with surprise that the stranger was no longer in the hall, without any one being exactly able to tell when he left it.

However, the next day being Sunday, Madame Vanderstichel dressed herself in her best at an early hour to go and hear mass at Turkhout, and at the same time give information to the officers of justice, for she was anxious to know whether the horse and his burden might be considered a lawful capture. But before setting out, she enjoined Kretzel to take great care of the house in her absence.

"Clean the pewter dishes well, child," she said, "and get breakfast. We—my son and me, I mean—shall soon return."

"And we'll go this evening to the kenesse of Hoogstraeten," said Michael, gazing tenderly on Kretzel.

"And I will bring thee a silk apron and a white handkerchief with crimson spots from Turkhout," resumed Madame Vanderstichel, embracing her.

"Courage, I have good hopes," whispered Michael in her ear, and squeezing her hand.

"Adieu, Kretzel, adieu, my daughter! Thou remainst alone, therefore take great care of everything, and mind the business of the house as well as that of the kitchen."

In the intoxication of her delight, Kretzel stood on the threshold of the door until her eyes ached, gazing earnestly after Madame Vanderstichel and her son as long as she could see them wending their way on the road to Turkhout. Then, at length, she entered the house with a gentle sigh, and set to work with arduous and diligence, thinking all the while on what Michael had said to her in a low voice. And if any one from the top of one of the eminences about Holsters had cast his eyes on the high road, he might then have seen a man of lofty stature, enveloped in an ample cloak, cautiously leaving the wood where he had kept concealed while Michael and his mother passed by, cast a look at the many windings of the pathway to see if they had disappeared, and at length bend his steps towards the auberge of Beckx, after having first made sure of the solitude and silence which reigned around.

Kretzel reflected long and deeply within herself after the departure of Michael and his mother. Never had she experienced so much happiness at any one time. Madame Vanderstichel had called her her child, Michael pressed her hand and bid her hope. Hopes, what a joyous future, what happy prospects did the poor young girl build on that single word! A few minutes had scarce flown away when she heard a knock at the door. She hastened to open it, and it was with a surprise somewhat mixed with uneasiness, that she found herself in the presence of an unknown man, who the evening before had thrown out the challenge to go during the night to write her name on the pedestal of Het Krays.

"Well," said the man to Kretzel, "there thou art, young girl, who so cleverly makes laughing stocks of the brotherhood of Holsters, and venturist all alone to brave the general terror which they inspire by the dead man's cross. I could never have suspected so much courage under such a pretty face, nor in that sweet and timid look of thine."

The strange tone with which he uttered these words froze the life-blood of Kretzel's heart.

"What mean ye?" she hesitatingly asked.

"Listen!" he roughly replied; "this is no time for concealment. I am Jaen, the chief of the Black Brotherhood of the Holsters. It was my horse thou stolest away at Het Krays, and I am now come to demand an explanation from the audacity of thy conduct yesterday in the ruins of Wertensfield."

Kretzel, half dead with alarm, fell trembling on her knees.

"Mercy! mercy, monsieur!" she said, clasping her hands; "take back your gold, and do not kill me!"

Jaen laughed aloud.

"Kill thee, Kretzel! and who ever had such a thought! Listen attentively. On the contrary, I am charmed at thy bold confidence, the unshrinking courage of which thou hast given proof. I tell thee ween, thou art allowed to me by writing thy name on the stone base of Het Krays, and I am resolved to take thee with me to the ruins of Wertensfield, amidst the forest of Holsters. I will make thee my companion, my mistress, or my wife, as thou mayest please."

"Holy Virgin!" exclaimed the girl, writhing her arms in despair.

"What dost thou fear! With me, consider well thou wilt enjoy perfect freedom, shall have gold, rich clothes, and pious bumpers in abundance. 'Tis no ordinary robbery that speaks to thee, but the chief of a determined

band of freebooters, who will respect thee as the sharer of thy master's bed, and pay thee tribute. There are more joys than thou thinkest of in our unknown retreat. 'Tis my bushy eyebrows, my thick beard, my severe looks which frighten thee, I see. By Belzebub, my patron, I never knew what it was to court a pretty girl, or play the lovesick swain by her side, but a passion worthy of three lies had, however, beneath this rough exterior. Come then, fool that thou art, thy heart is warm & free—come to my arms, let me press thy delicate waist, and snatch a kiss from thy pleasure-provoking lips of thine."

Kretzel darted to the other side of the room and hastened to put the table between Jaen and her.

"No, no," she cried, doubtless reckoning much on this new means of defence, my heart is not free. I love Michael Vanderstichel, the son of my mistress. He is to marry me next spring. O monsieur, do not destroy me."

"'Tis false! by all the devils that were ever spawned! Thou must have lied, I say, confess it quick!" and in his anger the brigand drew a large knife from his belt, hurled it across the table with such force that the blade was plunged quivering up the hilt in the thickness of the wooden wall. Nevertheless when he saw the terror printed on the young girl's features, he made a gesture as though to stop himself. "Come, come, I am wrong," he said; "let us lay aside these war of words; but remember, my beauty, I never beseech in vain—thou art henceforth mine. Thou must needs penetrate the mysteries of Wertensfield and now our safety imperatively requires that we make use of thee. Thou must either die or become my companion. Choose then, and draw me some beer, and get some glasses down. I expect two of my band, and hope before their arrival to have appeased thy reluctance, and silenced those scruples of thine which offend me."

Kretzel hastened to serve him, hoping thereby to turn away his attention from herself and thus escape his brutal advances. She lighted a lamp, raised a trap-door, which opened in the hall itself, and descended a flight of steps. But scarce had she passed the lowest step, and reached a cold damp passage, than she heard steps behind, which she doubted not were those of Jaen following her. The wretch, doubtless, hoped in a place so small to reduce his victim, more easily to his vile purpose—Then terror inspired Kretzel with a desperate resolution. The moment she saw him enter the passage, she blew out the light, glided swiftly between him and the wall in the dark, and before he could recover from his surprise, had darted up the ladder, let down the trap, thrown upon it the table and kitchen dresser, and fallen breathless on her knees to thank Heaven for having thus miraculously escaped the danger which had threatened her.

Kretzel was yet all agitation, anxiously listening to the robber, who dashed himself against the trap, uttering fierce blasphemies, when she heard a loud knock at the door of the auberge. To rush in a moment thither, to lock and double lock and bolt the door, was the work of a single moment, for she guessed that the applicants for admission must be the villains whom Jaen de Holsters expected. Surprised at not receiving an answer, they too pushed on one side the shutter of a small low window, defended by iron bars, and casting a look into the interior of the house they first observed Kretzel; whom fear had called to the place. The robbers were disguised as mendicants.

"My good girl," said one of them, with a hypocritical drawing trowl, "have compassion upon two poor wretches who have not tasted food since yesterday."

"Go away, I have nothing for you," was the reply.

"We have travelled the whole night from Tilburg, and are worn out with fatigue. Give us a morsel of bread for mercy's sake, and allow us to rest under this auberge?"

"No, no—it is impossible," said Kretzel.

"You treat us very harshly," resumed the man with distrust, for the short sharp tone of the young servant, her extreme paleness, and doubtless also the disorder that reigned in the apartments, began to give rise to some suspicions in his mind. Have you not seen on the road near here a man of elevated stature, with a brown cloak, and whose head was covered with a broad brimmed hat?"

"Not a soul! I am alone—I have not seen a soul!" interrupted Kretzel quickly, whose terror augmented in proportion with the dissimilarity of the two men to remain at the grated window.

At this moment Jaen again threw his body violently against the cellar trap, for, as he heard a faint murmur of conversation with the young girl, he suspected that his allies were at hand.

"Help, help!" he howled from the depth of his prison house. "Help, comrades! beat in the door!"

"He! ha!" cried the robbers, laying aside all further attempt at dissimulation and instantly assuming a tone of menace.

"What is that we hear below there! We counsel thee, my mie, to open us the door, if thou wouldst not make acquaintance with the points of our knives."

Kretzel once more recalled her failing cou-

rage to her aid. She threw back the shutter of the small window, which was beside sufficiently defended by the iron bars, and bolted it fast—O! how her fingers trembled! and seizing Michael Vanderstichel's gun, mounted to the first story, and took her place at the window, levelled her piece at the two brigands, who were endeavouring to force open the stout old oaken door, and threatened them with death if they did not instantly depart—At the same time; in order to prove that it was no bravado, she fired and instantly recharged her weapon. The robbers held a council, and a few minutes after one of them recommenced his efforts against the door, which he happily was, as we before said, stout and thick, whilst the other made a tour of the house to discover a weaker side by which he might gain admittance. Our heroine then flew on the wings of the wind, and barricaded every other outlet. For a long time she sustained this species of siege unflinchingly, and kept thus in check all the rage and mad attempts of the Black Brotherhood of Wertensfield. A large stack of straw chanced to be in the court; the wind blew from the north, there was no danger that the flames would be carried to the roof of the house; with her usual address Kretzel profited by the circumstance—She seized a flaming brand, hurled it from the window on the stack and in a few moments a bright red flame darted up, and called for the assistance of the neighbourhood. She also seized the rope of a large bell, destined to summon the servants of the auberge from their outdoor work to meals, and rang it lustily, and without ceasing, scattering thus the alarm far and wide, whilst with the market, which she pointed every moment she kept the men of Jaen's band at a respectful distance.

"Hag! devil's dam!—Wilt thou hold thy cursed nose!" cried the brigands, with an explosion of frantic rage difficult to express.

"Wait! wait!" said one of them, who had managed to scale one of the walls and get upon the roof. We will soon silence thee with a vengeance! and he crept into the kitchen chimney, intending by that means to make good his entrance. Kretzel ran and threw two or three faggots of green vine branches on the embers. The smoke ascended in clouds, and speedily suffocated, asphyxiated the wretch. He fell heavily, his dress on fire, and half dead on the kitchen floor. At that moment the door gave way and was beaten in—The young servant turned round in speechless terror, for she fancied she was lost without resource, but she instantly recognized her mistress, and all the inhabitants of Beckx, who had run in haste to learn the cause on hearing the sound of the alarm bell as well as seen the fire, and fainted in the arms of Michael. It is scarcely necessary to add that the capture of Jaen and the two robbers brought on the arrest, execution of the rest of the band of the Black Brotherhood of Holsters. As a testimony of the country's gratitude for so eminent a service, the sum of gold which she had so cleverly taken away from the ruins of Wertensfield was granted to Kretzel as a dowry. She was henceforth rich, and Madame Vanderstichel, touched by her devotion, no longer opposed her marriage with her son. The ensuing spring, as she had herself said, Michael led her blushing and happy to the altar of the village church, and a few years after, Madame Vanderstichel having paid the debt of nature, Kretzel at length found herself the mistress of that auberge in which she had so long and so diligently fitted the place of servant.

"Indeed!" I exclaimed, after having listened to the story with much interest. Kretzel deserves better things than so obscure and tranquil a happiness. I would give this chain of gold to have known her, and obtained the kiss she refused to Jaen de Holsters."

"You will have no trouble in doing so monsieur," interrupted my hostess with a malicious smile; "for you see before you Kretzel and Michael Vanderstichel."

At the sight of the wrinkled visage of the worthy old dame I soon felt my enthusiasm for the young and pretty servant of the inn of Beckx cool down to zero. But that circumstance perhaps, added a fresh charm to the event of the evening. It was the fact that I was then in the presence of Kretzel and Michael, the house where I had taken shelter was the very old auberge of Beckx, the trap-door which opened in a corner of the apartment was the identical one which had fallen on the head of Jaen de Holsters; and the next morning when, after having taken leave of my kind hosts I resumed the road from Tilburg thence, it was with a new interest that I passed through the ruins of Wertensfield, and perceived afar off, at the junction of the way leading from Hoogstraeten to Eindhoven, the degraded remains and solitary base of 'Het Krays.'

"Hope—Hope is a flatterer, but the most unright of all passions; for she frequents the poor man's hut, as well as the place of his superior."—Shenstone.

"Wit—Wit to be well defined, must be defined by wit itself, then 'twill be worth listening to."

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THE STANDARD.

SAINT ANDREWS, FRIDAY, OCT. 8, 1841.

Charlotte County Bank. Hon. HARRIS HATCH, President. Director next week—George D. Street.

Hours of business, from 10 to 2. Bills and Notes for Discount must be lodged with the Cashier, on or before Monday, otherwise they must be over until next week.

Plans and Work Books. Commission next week—Thomas Berry. Marine Assurance Association. Director next week—James W. Street.

Office Hours from 11 till 3 o'clock, every day, Sunday excepted.

Saint Stephens Bank. WILLIAM PORTER, Esq., President. Director next week—R. M. Todd.

Hours of business, from 10 to 1. Bills and Notes for Discount must be lodged with the Cashier, on or before Friday, otherwise they must remain in his hands until the following discount day.

LATEST DATES. London, Sept. 3. Montreal, Sept. 23. Liverpool, Sept. 3. Quebec, Sept. 28.

Edinburgh, Sept. 1. Halifax, Oct. 1. Paris, Sept. 1. New York, Oct. 3. Toronto, Sept. 28. Boston, Oct. 5.

We are without later intelligence from Europe—notwithstanding the Steamer was expected to arrive at Halifax on Monday last.

The American papers furnish nothing of moment relating to McLeod's Trial. We have copied an article from a New York Paper which we submit, but place no confidence in it, emulating as it does from a party print.

A Commission has been issued by the Supreme Court of New York to certain persons in Toronto, Upper Canada, empowering them to take testimony to be used at the trial of McLeod. How far such testimony is to be relied upon may be judged by the following account of these individuals, which we take from a letter written by a person in Toronto to the New York Era.

Presuming upon the correctness of this account, we think the evidence obtained through the medium of these individuals, should be used with great caution.

Hector is a worthless fellow, whom nobody would believe who knows him. He is what you Yankees would call a loafer. Sir McNab has once been indicted for perjury, and although a barrister at law, and a fit he is not believed to be a man of truth.

He is a poor soldier and a British pensioner—disipated and ignorant; and like Hector, he cannot even write his name. Angus McLeod is a brother of the accused; a reckless, characterless young man, who boasts of having been one of the party who destroyed the Caroline; and who would no doubt swear to anything in order to procure the acquittal of his brother.

Not one of the individuals examined have ever been accused of having a conscience—and what need they fear if they have committed perjury? No one dare prosecute them for it here. Let such a thing be attempted and the complainant would be assaured.

The meeting of the Subscribers to the Charlotte County Emigrant Society, is adjourned until the first Monday in November, instead of the 2nd Oct. as stated in our last.

IMPORTANT TO THE READERS OF ENGLISH NEWSPAPERS.—The want of an efficient Newspaper Agency in Liverpool, devoted entirely to the interests of the American public has long been severely felt, and it has often been a matter of surprise to us that no one has embarked in the speculation. It is therefore with pleasure that we announce that Mr. CHARLES WILMER has at length supplied the deficiency, by the opening of an establishment for the purpose.

We would earnestly recommend his advertisement, which appears in another column, to the attention of all persons in the habit of receiving either Newspapers or Books from the old world, as his terms are much lower than those hitherto charged by other agents. It is the intention of Mr. CHARLES WILMER to confine himself wholly to the American trade, which will give him many advantages over all other establishments.

A Cast Iron Light House is now in course of construction at the establishment Messrs. Brauna & Sons, of London, which is intended to be shipped to Jamaica, and placed on Morant Point, to enable the mariner to avoid the Morant Keys, which lie at a considerable distance to the southward of the headland.

This light house will be 182 feet in diameter at the top, and will be one hundred feet in height.

The St. Albans (Vermont) Messenger, states that a Colonel Grogan, who took an active part with the rebels during the rebellion in Canada, and is supposed to have since employed himself in setting fire to houses on the frontier, and committing other diabolical crimes, was taken forcible possession of by some British subjects in Alburch, and carried across the line to receive merited punishment. The story, however, wants confirmation.

We understand that His Excellency Sir Richard D. Jackson proceeds forthwith to Kingston to assume the Government of the Province, which devolves upon him in consequence of the vacancy created by the death of the Governor General.—Montreal Courier.

An infamous attempt has been made to destroy the lock gates of the Welland Canal, and so put a stop to the navigation on that important line of communication for the remainder of the season.

At a meeting of the Montreal City Council, on Tuesday last it was resolved, on motion of Mr. Alderman Ferris, seconded by Councillor Molson, that the members of the Council should wear mourning for one month as a tribute of respect to the memory of Lord Sydenham.

Launched on Saturday last from the Building Yard at Indian Point, a splendid Barque, of about 250 tons, named the Backswick, on entering her future element. She is a good specimen of naval architecture, and for beauty of model and strength of build, is not excelled in this County. After the launch a large party of the inhabitants repaired to Mr. E. Phasants's, where an excellent luncheon was prepared—the party separated at an early hour. We wish the owners of the barque the best success.

MARRIED. At Studholm, K. C. on Wednesday, the 15th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Barrat, Wesleyan Missionary, Mr. Henry Hane, of Mill Stream, to Ann E. sixth daughter of Mr. John Blair, of the former place.

DIED. In Portland on Wednesday, the 22nd ult. Alice, wife of Mr. Hugh Gallagher aged 33 years.

SHIPPING JOURNAL.

PORT OF SAINT ANDREWS.

ARRIVED. Oct. 2, sbr Pacific, Newcomb, Cornwallis, Porters &c. 2, brig Margaret, Povey, Waterford, Ballant, to E. & J. Wilson.

CLEARED. Oct. 1, brig Adventure, Locky, Hull, Deals, by J. Wilson. 4, Lape, Minirel, Jenkinson, Hull, Deals, J. Wilson.

5, brig Saint Mary Carr, St. Lucia, Lomber, to E. & J. Wilson. 6, sbr Midas, Wilson, St. John, Molasses, James Boyd.

SERMONS. THE Sermon preached by the Rector, on the occasion of the burning of the Parish Church, at Grand Manan; the proceeds are to be wholly appropriated to the building of the New Church.

For Sale at the Stores of James W. Street and Thomas Turner. October 7, 1841—nm

Public Notice. ALL Persons indebted to the Subscriber for the last Four Years are requested to make immediate payment on or before the First Day of NOVEMBER next, as all accounts remaining unpaid after that date will be put into the hands of an Attorney for collection.

Also. That he will alter his terms of working by shoeing horses at Five Shillings a set—Cash Order.

JAMES McCARTY. October 6th, 1841—nm

Sheriff's Sales. To be sold at Public Auction, on SATURDAY, the sixteenth Day of APRIL, 1842, between the hours of 12 o'clock noon, and 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, at the Court House, in Saint Andrews.

ALL the Right, Title, Interest, Estate, Claim, Property, and Demand, of JOHN CUNNING, to that certain tract of LAND, situate, lying and being in the Parish of SAINT PATRICK, in the County of Charlotte, granted to the said John Cunning by letters patent under the great seal of the Province, containing 230 acres, being bounded on the East, by Lands granted to JOHN ROGERS and others; on the West, by Lands granted to JOHN FEE; on the North, by Lands granted to JAMES ALANSON, Esq. and on the South, by Lands granted to JAMES LINTON.

The same having been seized, by virtue of an execution issued out of the Supreme Court, at the suit of WILLIAM CURRY, endorsed to levy £100 12 9, besides Sheriff's Fees, &c.

THOMAS JONES, Sheriff of Charlotte. Sheriff's Office, St. Andrews, 6th Oct. 1841.

To be sold by Public Auction, on SATURDAY the Twenty-eighth day of AUGUST next, between the hours of twelve o'clock noon, and four o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, at the New Court House in St. Andrews.

ALL the Right, Title, Interest, Estate, Claim, Property, and Demand, of the ACADIAN COMPANY, of and to all the Lands, Tenements, Premises, and hereditaments of the said Acadian Company, situate in the Parish of Saint George, in the County of Charlotte, together with the Houses, Mills, Slices, Wharves, Buildings, Erections, and Improvements thereon, being and standing; and also the privileges and appurtenances thereunto belonging, and appertaining. Which said Lands, Premises, and Tenements are particularly mentioned and described, or intended to be in a conveyance thereof heretofore made by Timothy Williams, David Dudley, and Neal D. Shaw the former owners thereof, to the said Acadian Company, and bearing date the fourth day of September 1837.

The said Lands and Premises having been taken under an Execution of Miss Fort facies, at the suit of Tabey Ellis, George Ellis, and Gravelle Ellis, against the said Acadian Company, endorsed to levy £201 1 64 with interest on £187 5 14 from 1st Dec. 1840, besides Sheriff's fees, &c.

THOMAS JONES, Sheriff of Charlotte. Sheriff's Office, St. Andrews, Feb 23 1841.

The above SALE is Postponed until SATURDAY, the 9th day of October, then to take place between the hours aforesaid, at the Court House.

THOMAS JONES, Sheriff of Charlotte. St. Andrews, September 14, 1841.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs the Inhabitants of Saint Andrews and its vicinity that he has commenced baking all descriptions of Bread and Cakes; and from his thorough knowledge of the business, which endeavours to please, hopes to merit a share of public patronage.

Connected with the Bakery is a Grocery Store (adjoining Mr. D. Bradley's), where everything in the Grocery and Baking line may be obtained at the lowest prices.

Orders for Wedding or other descriptions of Cakes executed at the shortest notice and in good style.

DONALD CLARK. October 1, 1841—nm 539

Notice. I HEREBY forbid all Persons purchasing or negotiating Five Notes of Hand drawn by me on the 19th Oct. 1840, in favour of HENRY O'NEILL; four of said notes were for £10 each and one for £5. The first may payable on the 19th Dec. 1840, the second on the 19th January, 1841, the third on the 19th April the fourth on the 19th July, and the fifth on the 19th October, as these Notes were given upon conditions, which were not complied with, and consequently I have not received value for the same.

JAMES HEALY. Saint Andrews, October 1, 1841—nm 29

Strayed. FROM the Subscriber on the 15th SEPTEMBER, a DARK RED COW, with a small horn and neck and a white short tail—whoever will return the same will receive a suitable reward.

JOHN R. McFARLAN. Saint Andrews, October 1, 1841—nm 32

Pine Scantling. THE subscriber has for SALE, deliverable at the Fresh Water Landing in St. George Thirty Thousand Pine Scantling, sawn particularly for FRAMES, for the West India Market.

JAMES BOYD. Saint Andrews, September 30, 1841—nm 305

POST OFFICE, ST. ANDREWS, 6TH OCT. 1841.

THE Mail to meet the sailing of Her Majesty's Steam Packet ACADIA from Halifax on 18th inst., will close at this Office on Tuesday the 12th at 6 P. M.

Geo. F. CAMPBELL, Postmaster.

Ran Away. FROM the service of the subscriber JOHN LAMBERT, an indentured Apprentice. This is to caution all persons against entertaining or employing the said apprentice, as any person so doing will be prosecuted according to Law.

THOS. SIMPSON. Saint Andrews, September 15th, 1841—nm 315

E. STENTIFORD.

Begs to acquaint his Friends and the Public, that he has for sale, LIGHT CARRIAGES and GIGS, [on elliptic springs and turned axels, with one or two seats.] Waggon and Sulkeys of various Patterns. LUMBER WAGGONS.

The above articles will be sold for Cash, Cedar boards, Shingles, Cordwood, Hard or Softwood Lumber, Country Produce, or other satisfactory payment. New and second-hand SLEIGHS sold low for Cash.

All persons having any demands against E. S. will please present them on or before the first day of November next as he intends leaving the Province.

SEPTEMBER 1841. The Subscribers have received the following Supplies of British Goods from Liverpool, Ez PLUTUS.

103 PEICES Black, Blue, Kille, bottle Green, Oxford mix'd, strawberry, Dahlis, and Olive. West of England BROAD CLOTHS.

60 Peices Black and Fancy Casimeres, Buckskins and Doukains, Plain and Fancy Tweeds, 15 Peices Cassimeres, 35 do Plain and Printed Sattinets, 40 do do do Moteskins, 359 do PRINTS, 245 do Beach'd & unbleach'd Shirtings and Sheetings, 55 do Cotton Handkerchiefs, 62 do Caceks and Stripes, 10 Cases London HATS, 12 Gross best Sewing Cotton on reels, Worsted Tanie Cloths, Sewing Silk, Twist, Black and coloured Yarns, Kems and Youths Caps, Umbrellas.

CUTLERY & HARDWARE. consisting of Table Knives and Forks, Shce and Butchers Knives, Sissors, Knives and Sheaths; Jack, Pocket and Pen Knives, Sissors, Hock Saws and Hand Saws, Cast and German steel Drawing Knives, Sauce Pans and Stew Pans, Fish kettles, Tuned and untuned Tea Kettles, France Ox, and Log Chains, Hooks & Rings, H and H Hinges, 1 inner Frying pans, Shoe, Kent, and Carpenters Hammers, Trunk, Chest and Cupboard Locks, Rim Locks, Britannia and turned Iron Tea & Table Spoons, Steel yard, Fire Irons, Wood Screws, Door bolts, Square and Long Latches, Singing Hatchets, Ships Scraper, Mason Tronaks, Sial and Roping Needles, Plain & dated Percussion Caps, Saufers and Trays, German Silver Gals viz. Tea and Table spoons, Table and Dessert Forks, Salt Spoons, Mustard do. Cadee do. Butter Knives & Fish Slices. Curry Combs, Jockey and Steel Specacles and cases, Horn and Tin Lanterns, Coal hods and Scoops, Coal vases and servers, Cunder sitters, Dast pans, Furnace hie shovels, Britannia tea and coffee Pots, Japanned

The above will be sold low for approved Payments.

WILLIAM BABCOCK & SON.

THE CHARLOTTE COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY WILL hold a CATTLE SHOW and FAIR, on FRIDAY, the 22nd of OCTOBER next, near the residence of Mr. JOHN MCCURDY, in the Parish of Saint Andrews, when the following prizes will be awarded, viz:—

For the best Bull not less than one nor over five years old £2 0 0 Second Ditto 1 10 0 Third Ditto 1 0 0 For the best Cow, not over 7 years old 1 10 0 For the best Heifer from 1 to 3 years old 1 0 0 For the best Yoke of Steers from 2 to 4 years old 2 0 0 For the best Ram 1 10 0 Second best Do 1 0 0 Third best Do 0 15 0 For the best Lamb 1 0 0 For the best Sow 3 0 0 For the best Litter House 2 0 0 Second Ditto 2 0 0 For the best Blood Mare 2 0 0 For the best Colt from 1 to 3 years old 1 10 0

The whole of the animals for which a Premium is claimed must be the produce of this County, and be considered by the judges appointed to award Prizes, as deserving a Premium, otherwise none will be given. The whole of the animals must be entered before 12 o'clock and the Premiums will be paid over at 2 o'clock p. m.

The following Premiums will likewise be awarded for the Crop of 1842, viz:— For the greatest quantity of merchantable Wheat raised on any one Farm £3 0 0 Second Ditto 2 0 0 Third Ditto 1 0 0 For the greatest quantity of Oats not less than 35lbs. to the Bushel raised on one Farm 3 0 0 Second Ditto 2 0 0 Third Ditto 1 0 0 For the greatest quantity of Barley not less than 35lbs. to the Bushel raised on one Farm 2 0 0 Second Ditto 1 10 0 Third Ditto 1 0 0 For the greatest quantity of Potatoes Do 3 0 0 Second Ditto Do 2 0 0 Third Ditto Do 1 0 0 For the greatest quantity of Turnips Do 3 0 0 Second Ditto Do 2 0 0 Third Ditto Do 1 0 0

The affidavit of the Applicant and one respectable witness will be required as proof of the quantity of each description of Grain and Roots. Further notice will be given as to where samples will be received and the Premiums paid.

By Order of the Board of Directors. D. D. MORRISON, Secretary. Sept. 22, 1841—37

Hay, Oats, Wheat and POTATOES. THE whole Crops of the above will be sold by Auction on the 5th day of OCTOBER next, at 3 o'clock, on the farm of the Subscriber, McACHLIN.

Chamcock, 23d Sept. 1841. The above SALE is postponed till MONDAY the 18th inst. at 11 o'clock when it will positively take place.—Terms will be made known at Sale.

Please Take Notice. THE regular QUARTERLY MEETING of the Board of DIRECTORS of the CHARLOTTE COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, will be holden at the Record Office, on Tuesday, the 12th of OCTOBER next, at 4 o'clock p. m. A punctual attendance is particularly requested.

Per Order. D. D. MORRISON, Secy. 21st Sept. 1841

Dry Fish and Oil. NUMBERS MARKET WAARD. The Subscriber offers for Sale at his usual Price prices.

100 Quantals Codfish, 150 Quantals Pollock Fish, 400 Barrels of No. 1, fat Herrings, 200 Boxes sealed No. 1 and 2, smoked Herrings, 10 Barrels Coal and Habb Oil, B. R. FITZGERALD. St. Andrews, Sept. 15, 1841.

P. L. Simmonds, British and Foreign Newspaper and Advertising Agent. TAKES leave to inform his friends and the Editors of Newspapers in general, that he has removed his Newspaper Office and Colonial Reading Rooms to No. 346, Strand, London, where he solicits a continuance of their favour. Orders and Advertisements for the English papers, and for Foreign Journals attached to, Every Colonial paper fitted for reference. London, July 1, 1841.

Blanks For Sale, At this Office.

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Sir, imble servant, AM GESNER, Secretary, &c. &c.

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NDENTS. Friends of Irishme...

